

3  
A L O N Z O.

T R A G E D Y.

IN FIVE ACTS.

As it is performed at the

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.

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BY THE  
AUTHOR OF DOUGLAS.

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*Et mentem strinxit patriæ pietatis imago. VIRGIL.*

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ALONZO

OF THE

THE ROYAL



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THE ROYAL



# A L O N Z O.

## T R A G E D Y.

### A C T I.

#### SCENE I.

*A hall in the palace of the kings of Spain.*

ORMISINDA. TERESA.

Orm. **T**HIS roll contains the secret of my life,  
And of the state: My marriage with  
Alonzo,  
The story of my son, my injured child,  
Bred in a desert, tho' the heir of Spain:  
To thee, my faithful friend, my lov'd Teresa,  
This precious record I commit. Oh! keep it  
From sight of human eye, till better times:  
For still I hope that better times may come,  
Tho' not to me, to this afflicted land.  
My hand hath signed it, and my act to day  
Shall give it faith and credence with mankind.  
This will explain the mystery of my fate,  
And tell the world why Ormisinda died.

[Gives the writing.]

Ter. Do not too soon despair.

Orm.

I wait the last  
Decisive moment. But to guard my soul

B

Against

Against the fallies of a rash despair,  
 Against the weakness which attends surpris,  
 I have forecast whatever may befall,  
 And fram'd to the event my firm resolve.  
 This is the day appointed for the combat,  
 Between a Moorish and a Christian knight,  
 To end the wars of Spain, and fix the fate  
 Of the contending nations.

*Ter.* Antient times,  
 If tales of antient times may be believ'd,  
 Have known such combats. In her infant state,  
 Against her rival Alba, Rome was pledg'd  
 As now Asturia is: But later times  
 Afford no parallel.

*Orn.* There never was,  
 Nor will there ever, while the world endures,  
 Be found a parallel to my distress—  
 I am the victor's prize—who'er prevails  
 He gains the princess, and the crown of Spain.  
 Such is the solemn treaty, sworn, confirm'd,  
 By every rite, which either nation owns.  
 Mean while I am Alonzo's wedded wife—  
 I am a mother—by the false Alonzo,  
 Who from his hate to me abandons Spain,  
 Which he alone can save. No other arm  
 Can match Miraxillon's force. Proud of his strength  
 Already in the lists the Moor exults,  
 Secure of victory. The setting sun  
 Concludes the dreadful period of suspense,  
 And death alone from infamy can save me.

*Ter.* He yet may come. Far in the Nubian wilds,  
 That guard the secret sources of the Nile,  
 Velasco found the chief. The wind of spring,  
 The constant East, this year forgot its season,  
 And only since this moon her light renew'd,  
 Began to blow upon the western shore.  
 On that I build a hope.

*Orn.* I have no hope!  
 Review the story of my life, Teresa,  
 And by the past conjecture of the future.

First

First my lamented brother, blindly led  
 By proud Ramirez, quarrell'd with Alonzo,  
 Then by Alonzo's sword Ramirez fell.  
 For that offence to banishment condemn'd,  
 Alonzo won me to accept his hand  
 Before he left this kingdom. Since that time,  
 What I have suffer'd, Heav'n, and you can tell.  
 It was the fifth, a memorable day,  
 After our marriage, when he fail'd to come,  
 At the appointed place to meet his bride.  
 Then 'midst my fear, anxiety, and sorrow,  
 For only death I thought, or dangerous harm,  
 Could keep him from my arms, amaz'd I heard  
 That he was gone for Asia. To this hour,  
 Ev'n to this present hour, no cause assign'd  
 But these distracted lines long after sent :  
 " Thou never shalt behold Alonzo more ;  
 " The foul, foul cause thy guilty conscience knows."  
 My conscience knows no cause, so help me Heav'n !  
 Now, in my utmost need, this dreadful day,  
 When I must struggle with despair and Death,  
 To keep myself a chaste, a blameless wife,  
 And to my silent grave the secret bear,  
 That my dear son and his may live to wield  
 The sceptre of his fathers !

*Ter.* To this hour,  
 Thy husband knows not that he is a father.

*Orm.* His ears, his eyes are shut. Oft have I sent  
 Letters, that would have pierc'd an heart of stone ;  
 Pleading for pity, begging but to know,  
 Wherein I had unwittingly offended :  
 But every letter, with unbroken seal,  
 To me return'd. He will not read one word  
 From my detested hand,

*Ter.* 'Tis very strange,  
 And much unlike the way of other men.  
 For tho' they are inconstant in their love,  
 There is a course and process in the change.  
 Ardent at first, their ardor lasts not long.  
 With easy, full, secure possession cloy'd,

Their passion palls, and cold indifference comes,  
 As chilly autumn steals on summer's prime,  
 Making the green leaf yellow. Then it is  
 That some new beauty takes their roving eyes,  
 And fires their fancy with untasted charms.  
 But in a moment, from excess of love,  
 'To the extreme of hate Alonzo pass'd  
 Without a cause. Nor did another come  
 Between thee and the current of his love.  
 'Tis moon-struck madness, or the dire effect  
 Of incantation, charm, compulsive spell,  
 By magic fasten'd on his wretched soul.  
 It can be nothing else.

*Orn.*

Whate'er it is,  
 He shuns all woman-kind. His life is spent  
 In war and in devotion. When the field  
 Is won, the warrior lays aside his spear,  
 Takes up the pilgrim's staff, and all alone,  
 Obscur'd in homely weeds, he bends his course  
 To some remote, religious, holy place,  
 Where he exceeds the strictest penitent,  
 In penances severe and sad austerity.  
 Sometimes in deeper melancholy wrapt  
 He loaths the sight of man, and to the cliffs  
 Of hoary Caucasus or Atlas flies,  
 Where all the dreary winter he remains,  
 And, desolate, delights in desolation.  
 My faithful servant Juan saw him once  
 Upon the ledge of Atlas; on a rock  
 Beside the empty channel of a brook,  
 He stood and gaz'd intent a cataract  
 Which, as it tumbled from a cliff, the blast  
 Had caught mid-way, and froze before it fell.  
 Juan drew near and call'd. He turn'd about,  
 Look'd at him for a space, then wav'd him back,  
 And mounting swiftly sunk behind the hill.  
 Wan was his face, and like a statue pale!  
 His eye was wild and haggard! Oh! Teresa,  
 Amidst my woes, my miseries, my wrongs!  
 My bosom bleeds for him!

*Ter.*



*Ter.* Something there is  
 Mysterious and unfathomable here,  
 Which passes human wisdom to divine.  
 The hand of fate is on the curtain now.  
 Within my breast a firm persuasion dwells,  
 That in the lists Alonzo will appear.  
 Behold in haste the king your father comes,  
 And seems the messenger of welcome tidings.

*Enter the King.*

*King.* I come in this alarming hour, my child,  
 To pour a ray of comfort on thy heart.  
 A valiant Moor, once captive of my sword,  
 And ever since, my firm but secret friend,  
 Acquaints me that a champion is at hand,  
 Shunning those honors which the Moors would pay:  
 Dark and reserv'd he travels thro' their towns  
 Without a name. I judge it is Alonzo,  
 For the description best accords with him.  
 Scorning his foes, offended with his friends,  
 Shrouded in anger and in deep disdain,  
 Like some prime planet in eclipse he moves,  
 Gaz'd at and fear'd.

*Orm.* It is! It is Alonzo!  
 Welcome, most welcome, in whatever shape.  
 The hero comes to save his native land,  
 To save the honor of the Christian name,  
 And o'er the fading crescent of the Moor  
 Exalt the holy cross.

*King.* And, even as thine  
 Is the consenting voice of all the land,  
 The hope of Spain on brave Alonzo rests.  
 In this I see the ruling hand of heav'n,  
 Which to its own eternal purpose leads,  
 By winding paths, the steps of erring man.  
 Painful it were to speak of those events  
 Sad and disastrous which have laid us low.  
 Unjustly was Alonzo banish'd hence,  
 And happily the hero now returns.

## ALONZO.

For since my son, your valiant brother, fell,  
 With an impartial mind I have enquir'd  
 And trac'd the story of Alonzo's birth.  
 He is the offspring of our antient kings,  
 The rightful heir of Riccaredo's line,  
 Called the Catholic, who reign'd in Spain  
 Before the first invasion of the Moors.  
 Lost in the gen'ral wreck, buried and hid  
 Beneath the ruins of a fallen state,  
 Obscure, unknown, the royal infant lay,  
 When I, indignant of a foreign yoke,  
 In wild Asturia rose against the Moors.  
 The righteous cause prevail'd: the baffled foe  
 Retir'd, and left us and our mountains free.  
 The grateful people chose their leader king.  
 I knew not then, nor did my people know,  
 Ought of Alonzo.

*Orn.*

I have heard him own

The justice of thy title to command  
 And rule the state thy valor had restor'd.  
 Enough, he said, remain'd for him to conquer:  
 The fertile provinces of ample Spain  
 Which still the Moor usurps.

*King.*

Of all mankind,

He is the champion whom my soul desires  
 This day to fight for Spain and for my daughter:  
 Not only for his great renown in arms,  
 But for his birth, his lineage, and his blood.  
 If his unconquer'd arm in fight prevails,  
 The antient monarchy shall rise again,  
 In all its splendor and extent of empire.  
 The streams of royal blood divided now  
 Shall roll a tide united thro' the land.

*Orn.* Thy heart dilates with pleasing hopes, my  
 father!

And fond anticipates its own desire.  
 But who can tell the purpose of Alonzo?  
 His strange approach no friendly aspect bears:  
 He comes the foe determin'd of the Moors,  
 But not to us a friend.

*King.*

*King.* Of that no fear, nor doubt  
I know him proud, imperious, and fierce,  
Haughty of heart, and high of hand: Too prompt  
On all occasions to appeal to arms.  
But he was ever gentle to my daughter:  
The proud Alonzo bow'd the knee to thee  
At his departure I observ'd thy grief,  
And in my mind——

(A trumpet sounds.)

*Orm.* What means that shout of war?

*King.* The trumpet sounds to arms.

(Enter a Messenger.)

*Mess.* Thy presence, Sir, is here  
Is at the camp requir'd. Both nations arm,  
And rush to battle; Loud the Moors complain  
Of violated faith. A Spanish knight  
They say has broke the treaty, and attack'd  
Their bands of peace secure.

*King.* 'Tis basely done!  
Command my guards to meet me at the gate  
Farewel.

(Exit the King.)

*Ter.* Who can this headstrong warrior be?  
Too well Alonzo knows the laws of war,  
Too much reveres the treaty seal'd and sworn,  
To make a rash attempt upon the Moors.

*Orm.* If it is he, 'tis no deliberate act,  
No treacherous intention to assail  
The Moors unguarded. Yet it may be he  
My mind misgives me that it is Alonzo:  
Ill would his swelling spirit brook the sight  
Of Moorish tents and arms on yonder plain.  
If as he pass'd, one slighting word was dropt,  
With tenfold scorn to that he would reply,  
Nor hesitate alone to draw his sword  
Amidst an host of Moors.

*Ter.* The clamour still  
Whate'er it was, the tumult is appeas'd.

And now what does my Ormisinda think  
Of my predictions?

*Orm.* Oh! my dear Teresa!

Thy fond desire to cheer my hopeless heart

Makes thee forever to my mind present

The fairest side of things.

*Ter.* Ha! dost thou doubt  
Still of his coming?

*Orm.* No, I think 'tis he;  
But hope and fear alternate sway my mind;  
Like light and shade upon a waving field  
Courting each other, when the flying clouds  
Now hide and now reveal the sun of heav'n.

I tremble for the issue of the combat;

And if my lord should, as I hope, prevail,

I tremble for myself: Afraid to see,

Tho' sick with strong impatience to behold him,

And learn why he forsook his Ormisinda.

He says I know the cause. Oh! most unjust!

Was it because I lov'd him to excess,

Altho' his title shook my father's throne?

Was it because I join'd my fate to his,

And fondly chose to wed a banish'd man?

For such are my demerits.

*Ter.* 'Tis but vain

Thus to torment thyself, and rack thy mind

With sad conjectures, at a time like this,

When the reality will soon be known.

*Orm.* I know one thing that's real, 'tis a fault,

An imperfection which I cannot cure;

Sixteen long years are past since I beheld him,

And grief and care, those tenants that deface

The sad and weary mansion they inhabit,

Have dwelt with me. Am I not alter'd much?

The ghost and shadow of what once I was?

*Ter.* No, Ormisinda, I perceive no change;

That in the least impairs thy lovely form.

The beam that gilds the early morn of youth

Yields to the splendor of a riper hour:

The rose that was so fair in bud, is blown;

And



And grief and care, tho' they have dwelt with thee,  
Have left no traces of their visitation,  
But an impression sweet of melancholy  
Which captivates the soul. Unskilful they  
Who dress the queen of love in wanton smiles:  
Brightest she shines amidst a show'r of tears;  
The graces that adorn her beauty most,  
Are softness, sensibility, and pity.

*Orm* Oh! how ingenious thou art, Teresa,  
How subtle to elude my simple fears!  
Still they advance and gather round my heart.  
If nothing can recal Alonzo's love,  
Let him but own his son, and I'll renounce  
The title of his wife, and of a queen;  
Then in a convent hide me and my sorrows.  
The saddest sister of the holy train,  
Whose watchful zeal prevents the midnight bell,  
Shall find me kneeling on the marble floor.  
Oh! it will be the luxury of grief,  
To weep incessant in the vaulted cell,  
To lift my hands, and send my vows to heav'n,  
Invoking ev'ry power that dwells above,  
To guard and bless my husband and my son!  
Perhaps some friend, most likely my Teresa,  
When I am quite forsaken and forgot  
By all the world, will still remember me;  
Will come and tell me of Alonzo's wars;  
Tell how my boy in his first battle fought,  
At once the rival of his father's fame.

## A C T II.

## SCENE I.

*Enter the King and a Moorish officer, with Moors and Spaniards.*

KING.

HAMET, impartial justice shall be done,  
And thou I know as justly wilt report it  
Thou art the friend of peace.

*Hamet.*

Therefore I sought

This office; for in yonder camp, O! King,  
Some counsellors there are who urg'd the Caliph  
To take advantage of this fair occasion  
And hold the treaty void.

*King.*

That I believe,

But with your aid I hope to disappoint them;  
My guards are gone to bring th' offender hither.

*Hamet.* Yonder they come, and thro' their files I see  
A prisoner.

*[Enter Guards with a young man armed.]*

*King.*

Ha! by Heaven, he's but a youth.

A beardless boy, and like a woman fair.  
He moves my pity much. Unhappy youth!

*[To the prisoner.]*

Art thou the chief of that unruly band,  
Who broke the treaty and assail'd the Moors?

*Youth.* No chief, no leader of a band am I.

The leader of a band insulted me,  
And those he led basely assail'd my life;  
With bad success indeed. If self-defence  
Be criminal, O King! I have offended.

*King.* *[To Hamet.]* With what a noble confidence  
he speaks!

See what a spirit thro' his blushes breaks!  
Observe him, Hamet.

*Hamet.*

I am fix'd upon him.

*King.* Didst thou alone engage a band of Moors

And

And make such havoc? Sure it cannot be:  
Recall thy scattered thoughts. Nothing advance  
Which proof may overthrow.

*Youth.* What I have said  
No proof can overthrow. Where is the man,  
Who speaking from himself, not from reports  
And rumors idle, will stand forth and say  
I was not single when the Moors attack'd me?

*Ham.* I will not be that man, tho' I confess  
That I came hither to accuse thee, Youth,  
And to demand thy punishment.—I brought  
The tale our soldiers told.

*Youth.* The tale was false.  
*Ham.* I thought it true; but thou hast shook my  
The seal of truth is on thy gallant form,  
For none but cowards lie.

*King.* Thy story tell,  
With every circumstance which may explain  
The seeming wonder; how a single man  
In such a strife could stand?

*Youth.* 'Twill cease to be  
A wonder, when thou hear'st the story told.

This morning on my road to Oviedo  
A while I halted near a Moorish post:  
Of the commander I enquir'd my way,  
And told my purpose, that I came to see  
The famous combat. With a scornful smile,  
With taunting words and gestures he replied,  
Mocking my youth. Advis'd me to return  
Back to my father's house, and in the ring  
To dance with boys and girls. He added too  
That I should see no combat. That no knight  
Of Spain durst meet the champion of the Moors.  
Incens'd I did indeed retort his scorn.  
The quarrel grew space, and I defied him,  
To a green hill, which rose amidst the plain.  
An arrow's flight or farther from his post.  
Alone we sped: at once we drew, we fought.  
The Moorish captain fell. Enrag'd his men  
Flew to revenge his death. Secure they came

Each

Each with his utmost speed. Those who came first  
Single I met and slew. More weary grown  
The rest together join'd, and all at once  
Assail'd me. Then I had no hopes of life.

But suddenly a troop of Spaniards came  
And charg'd my foes, who did not long sustain  
The shock, but fled, and carried to their camp  
That false report which thou, O King! hast heard.

*King.* Now by thy scepter, and my sword, I swear,  
Thou art a noble youth. An angel's voice  
Could not command a more implicit faith  
Than thou from me hast gain'd. What think'st thou,  
Is he not greatly wrong'd? [*Hamet?*]

*Hamet.* By Allah! yes:  
Thy voice of truth and innocence is bold,  
And never yet could guilt that tone assume.  
I take my leave impatient to return,  
And satisfy my friends that this brave youth  
Was not th' aggressor.

*King.* I expect no less  
From generous Hamet.

[*Exit Hamet and Moors.*]

*King.* Tell me, wondrous Youth!  
For much I long to know, what is thy name?  
Who are thy parents? Since the Moor prevail'd  
The cottage and the cave have oft conceal'd  
From hostile hate the noblest blood of Spain:  
Thy spirit speaks for thee. Thou art a shoot  
Of some illustrious stock, some noble house  
Whose fortunes with their falling country fell.

*Youth.* Alberto is my name. I draw my birth  
From Catalonia, in the mountains there  
My father dwells, and for his own domains  
Pays tribute to the Moor. He was a soldier:  
Oft I have heard him of your battles speak  
Of Cavadonga's and Oballes' field  
But ever since I can remember ought,  
His chief employment and delight have been  
To train me to the use and love of arms:  
In martial exercise we pass the day.

Morning



Morning and evening, still the theme was war.  
 He bred me to endure the summer's heat,  
 And brave the winter's cold: To swim across  
 The headlong torrent, when the shoals of ice  
 Drove down the stream. To rule the fiercest beast  
 That on our mountains run. No savage beast  
 The forest yields that I have not encounter'd.  
 Mean while my bosom beat for nobler games.  
 I long'd in arms to meet the foes of Spain.  
 Oft I implor'd my father to permit me,  
 Before the truce was made, to join the host.  
 He said it must not be, I was too young.  
 For the rude service of these trying times.

*King.* Did he permit you now?

*Alb.* A strange adventure  
 Forc'd me from home. Not many days ago,  
 When hunting in the woods, I heard a voice,  
 A woman's voice, calling aloud for help.  
 I rush'd into the thicket, there I saw  
 A Moorish Lord, for brutal licence fam'd,  
 Who shamefully abus'd a rural maid  
 Of Spanish race. I free'd her from his arms.  
 The Moor spake not a word, but mad with rage  
 Snatch'd up his lance, which stood against a tree,  
 And at me flew. I turn'd his point aside,  
 And with a slender javelin pierc'd his heart.  
 I hastened home, but did not find my father;  
 Nor was it safe to wait for his return.  
 I took the fairest armour in the hall,  
 And hither bent my course. The rest thou know'st.

*King.* Thou art a prodigy, and fill'st my mind  
 With thoughts profound and expectation high.  
 When in a nation, humbled by the will  
 Of Providence, beneath an haughty foe,  
 A person rises up, by nature rear'd,  
 Sublime, above the level of mankind;  
 Like that bright bow, the hand of the most High  
 Bends in the wat'ry cloud: He is the sign  
 Of prosp'rous change and interposing Heav'n:  
 And thou, if right I read—

*Alb.*

(Enter Messenger.)

*Mess.* The champion, Sir,  
Who comes to fight for Spain, is near at hand:  
One of our scouts has seen him and his train,  
But brings a strange report, which damps the heart  
Of every Spaniard. It is not Alonzo.

*King.* What say'st thou? God of heaven! Not Alonzo!  
Who is he then?

*Mess.* That is not fully known  
Clad in the flowing vesture of the east,  
A Persian turban on his head he wears,  
Yet he's a christian knight. To mark his faith,  
Holy, and adverse to Mohammed's law,  
Before his steps a silken banner borne  
Streams in the wind, and shews a golden cross.

*King.* Send out another scout.

*Mess.* There is not time  
To go and to return.

*King.* Begone, begone,  
And let me be obey'd. Alas! my hopes  
Are vanish'd like a dream.

*Alb.* I grieve to see  
The king afflicted.

*King.* Ah! Thou dost not know  
How deep these tidings strike.

*Alb.* Is not the king  
Free to accept or to refuse the aid  
This stranger offers?

*King.* If I am, what then?

*Alb.* Be not offended, Sir, at my presumption,  
For from my heart I speak, a loyal heart,  
True to my sov'reign and my native land.  
If this is not Alonzo, why should he,  
Or any stranger fight the cause of Spain?  
Are these not warriors born of Spanish race,  
Who court the combat?

*King.* To my words attend.  
The Moorish champion is of great renown;

In stature like the giant race of old,  
 Like Anak's true, or Titan's fabled son,  
 Against the foe nor sword nor spear he lifts,  
 But in his might secure, a mace he wields,  
 Whose sway resistless breaks both shield and arm,  
 And crushes head and helmet. Thus he fights,  
 Whose fatal prowess turn'd the doubtful scale  
 Of three successive battles. He is dead,  
 Invincible but by Alonzo's arm.  
 Therefore our warriors, tho' they know no fear,  
 Nor fear of ought that can themselves beset,  
 Anxious for Spain, to great Alonzo yield,  
 And on his valour rest.

*Alb.* Oft have I heard  
 My father speak of brave Alonzo's deeds,  
 What can withhold him when his country calls?  
 Perhaps the last of combats he has fought,  
 And in the silent tomb the hero rests.  
 But, since he's absent, from whatever cause,  
 O! let no stranger knight his place assume,  
 To bring dishonour to the Spanish name.  
 If this gigantic champion of the Moors,  
 Clad in the glory of his battles won,  
 Dazzles the warriors, and confounds their valour,  
 Let me, tho' young in arms, the combat claim.  
 On me his fame has no impression made.  
 I'll meet the giant with a fearless heart.  
 It beats for battle now. Oft have I kill'd  
 The wolf, the boar, and the wild mountain bull,  
 For sport and pastime. Shall this Moorish dog  
 Resist me fighting in my country's cause?

*King.* By heaven and earth, thou mov'st me much!  
 Have stir'd the embers of my youthful fire.  
 Thou mak'st me wish I could recall those days,  
 When of an age like thine, and not unlike  
 To thee in face and form, I rais'd the spear  
 Against the Moor, in Cava's bloody field.  
 Then by my hand the great Alchammas fell,  
 The strength and pillar of the Caliph's host.  
 Then I was fit to meet Mirmallon's arm.

But

But now, my hairs are grey, my steps are slow,  
My sword descending breaks the shield no more.  
Our foes have known it long, on howl and shout

*Alb.* O King, thou art

Thy country's great deliver, and the soldier  
Restorer of the state, Pelagio's fame  
Shall never die: But let thy counsel now  
(As oft thy valour) save this land from flames.

Let not a foreign warrior take the field,  
And snatch the glory from the lance of Spain.

*King.* My voice alone cannot determine that.  
The council sit assembled near the lists,  
To them I will present thee. If this knight  
Unknown, who from that distant region comes,

Where the bright sun lights up his golden lamp,  
Bears not some high pre-eminence about him,  
Which marks him out our surest safest choice,  
My voice is for a Spaniard, and for thee.

*Alb.* Upon my knees, that ne'er were bow'd before  
To mortal man, I thank thee.

*King.* Rise, Alvaro of  
To me no thanks are due: A greater king  
The king of Kings, I deem hath chosen thee

To be the champion of this late divine war  
Against the Infidel: Is not for this,  
For some great purpose sent thou art ordain'd,  
Bred in the desert, and by heav'n endued  
With force and valor marvellously great,  
Conducted by a hand unseen, thyself  
Not knowing whither, and this day produc'd  
Before the nations.

*Alb.* Ah! my soul's on fire:  
Should such a glorious destiny be mine,  
May I intreat to go without delay?  
I fear some gallant warrior may stop forth  
And claim the fight before me.

*King.* Stay, Sebastian,  
And to my daughter tell what has befall'n:  
I'll send for him.

*Exeunt King and Alb.*  
I'll send for him.



(Mark Sebastian.)

How many changes mark this awful day!  
 What must the Princess suffer! Well I know  
 That she above all others will'd Alonzo.

*Enter Ornifinda and Teresa.*

*Ter.* It is a false report. In times like these  
 The minds of men are credulous and weak  
 To rumors shifting blast they bow and bend,  
 Like corn of slender reed to every wind:  
 Thou know'st that from the East Alonzo comes:  
 Might not the hasty messenger mistake  
 For him some turban'd warrior of his train?

*Orm.* O! good Sebastian, canst thou tell me ought?  
 Is it Alonzo?

*Seb.* If report speaks truth,  
 And so the King believes, 'tis not Alonzo.

*Orm.* Then I am lost, Teresa.

*Ter.* Hast thou heard,  
 If not Alonzo, who this stranger is?

*Seb.* His garb bespeaks him native of the East.  
 But from whatever clime the warrior comes,  
 I hope, my Princess! that he comes in vain,  
 Another warrior, and of Spanish race,  
 Now claims the combat for his native land.

*Orm.* Of Spanish race? Who is this Knight of  
 Spain?

*Seb.* A wonder! never was his equal seen,  
 For daring valour and address in arms:  
 He has nor yet attain'd the prime of youth,  
 His look partakes more of the boy than man,  
 But he hath vanquish'd men. This day the Moors  
 Have felt his hand.

*Orm.* Ha! Is it he, Sebastian,  
 Who was the author of the late alarm?

*Seb.* The same.

*Orm.* And whence does this young hero come?

*Seb.*

*Sebas.* From Catalonia. In the deserts there  
His fire, obscure, tho' once a warrior, dwells.

*Orm.* From Catalonia! In the desert bred!

*Teresa!* All that's possible I fear.

What if this youth—

*Ter.* [*To Orm.*] O! think how many youths  
Of Spanish race in Catalonia dwell.

Be recollected whilst I ask Sebastian

A question that at once all doubt resolves.

[*To Seb.*] Has this youth no name? Hast thou not  
heard

How he is call'd?

*Seb.* He calls himself Alberto.

*Orm.* Mother of God!

*Ter.* [*To Her.*] Beware!—The Princess grieves,  
That Spain depriv'd of great Alonzo's aid, [*To Seb.*]  
Should rest her safety on a stripling's arm.

*Orm.* No judge of warriors or of combat I;  
But sure this youth, tho' ne'er so brave and bold,  
Of tender years, who has not reach'd his prime,  
Is most unfit to cope with strong Mirmallon.

*Seb.*—Heret must not be judg'd by common rules,  
Irregular like comets in their course,  
Who can compare the period when they shine?  
Lady! If thou had'st seen this gallant youth,  
If thou had'st heard him, when oblig'd to speak,  
In self-defence, he told his wondrous deeds;  
As if he thought them nothing: Thy faint heart  
Would from his face have caught the flame of hope,  
Thou would'st, even as thy royal father did,  
Believe he was created and destin'd,  
By Heav'n supreme, the champion of his country.

*Ter.* Sebastian, go, and find this gallant youth.  
Tell him, the Princess, partial to the brave,  
Desires his presence.

*Seb.* Gladly I obey.

[*Exit Seb.*]

*Orm.* He's gone. Now I may speak. My son!  
my son!

My hope, my comfort, in despair and death!  
The only star in my dark sky that shone!

Must

Must thy unhappy mother live to see  
Thy light extinguish'd? I will not permit  
This most unequal combat. I'll proclaim  
My fatal story, and declare his birth.

*Ter.* Think what must follow. Absolute perdition!

*Orm.* Is not his death perdition? Can he meet  
The Moor and live? How should his tender youth  
Resist the giant, who has overthrown  
Squadrons entire, and trampled on the necks  
Of firmest warriors?

*Ter.* 'Tis not yet decreed  
That he shall fight the Moor. The stranger knight,  
Who was at first mistaken for Alonzo,  
Comes not so far, without a name in arms,  
To gain the suffrage of the Peers of Spain,  
When once that name is known.

*Orm.* *Teresa, no.*  
My fate has still one even tenor held,  
From bad to worse. When I had fram'd my mind  
To one disaster, then a greater came.

I had made death familiar to my thoughts;  
I could embrace the spectre like a friend;  
But still I kept a corner of my heart  
Safe and untouch'd. My dearest child was there,  
Amidst the ruins of the wife and queen,  
The mother stood secure. O thou Alonzo!  
If yet thine eyes behold the light of day,  
What sorrow and remorse must be thy portion,  
When thou shalt hear—Now promise me, Teresa,  
That when my son and I are laid in dust,

(For each event accelerates our doom)  
Thou wilt seek out and find this cruel man,  
Tell him how Spain, the kingdom of his fathers,

By him deserted, was for ever lost;  
How his forsaken wife in honour died—  
But that's not much—for me he will not mourn.

Then tell him of his son, to wring his heart;  
Truly describe the boy I how brave he was!  
How beautiful! how from the cloud obscure  
In which his careful mother had involv'd him,

He

He burst the champion of his native land,  
Then tell him how the springing hero fell  
Beneath a stronger arm, fighting for Spain,  
And for his mother, fighting with the foe  
His father should have fought, and could have van-  
quish'd!

*Ter.* Sebastian comes.

*Enter SEBASTIAN.*

*Seb.*

All is reversed again!  
The stranger knight is for Abdallah known,  
The Persian prince, Alonzo's chosen friend,  
His only equal in the strife of arms.  
To him the combat is decided.

*Orn.*

I know  
His story well; he is the Sophy's son,  
The eldest born and Persia's rightful heir;  
But by his mother's zeal a Christian bred:  
True to his faith, he lost his father's throne.  
What says he of Alonzo?

*Seb.*

Sent by him,  
The brave Abdallah comes to fight for Spain.  
They march'd together, over the falls of Nile  
To Damietta. There a wound reach'd  
In Asia's wars broke out, and forc'd Alonzo,  
Full of regret, in Egypt to remain.  
His friend for him appears. The king, thy father,  
With all his peers, in honour of the prince,  
Go forth to meet him.

*Orn.*

Hast thou seen Alberto?  
*Seb.* I have, and told him what I had in charge;  
Then hasten'd hither to report these tidings,  
At which Alberto droops.

*Ter.*

Return, I pray,  
To my apartment guide the young Alberto.  
The princess will be there.

[*Exit Seb.*]

Did not I say,

Alonzo never would abandon Spain?  
Abdallah comes to conquer in his name.  
Now I can read the characters of fate,  
And spell the will of Heaven. This boy of yours

Will



Will win your husband back. When he beholds  
The image of his valour so express,  
His heart will melt. The husband and the father  
Will rush upon him with a flood of joy.

*Orm.* Is he not like him? Mark his coming forth!  
Behold Alonzo in his daring son!  
Full of the spirit of his warlike sire,  
His birth unknown, he felt his princely mind,  
Advanc'd undaunted on the edge of war,  
And claim'd the post of danger for his own.

*Ter.* A mother's tongue cannot exceed the truth  
In praising him. There never was a prince,  
Since old Iberia first excell'd in arms,  
Broke out with so much lustre on mankind.  
But in this interview, with prudence check  
The transport of affection from thy son,  
Cautious conceal the secret of his birth,  
Safest he is, while to himself unknown.

*Orm.* How could his faithful guardian let him go?  
Perhaps that faithful guardian lives no more.

*Ter.* Alberto will inform thee.

*Orm.* Not Alberto;  
Alonzo is his name. I go to meet him. [*Exeunt*]

## ACT III.

## SCENE I.

*A view of the country near the city.*

*Enter ABDALLAH.*

O! CITY! once the seat of all I lov'd!  
O! hills and dales! haunts of my youthful days!  
O! scenes well known! unalter'd you remain.  
But I approach you with an alter'd mind,  
Hate what I lov'd, and loath what I desir'd;  
Intolerable state! My soul is void!  
A chaos without form. Why, nature, why!  
Art thou so watchful o'er the brutal tribes,  
And yet so careless of the human race.

*By*

By certain instinct beasts and birds discern  
 Their proper food : For them the fairest fruit  
 Untouch'd, if pois'nous, withers on the bough:  
 But man, by a fair outside, still deceiv'd,  
 And by his boasted reason more betray'd,  
 Gives the affection of his soul to beauty,  
 Devours the deadly bane.

*Enter VELASCO.*

My Lord ! Thy people,

Where thou commanded'st, halt, and wait thy coming.

*Abd.* 'Tis well ! I wish'd to speak with thee alone.

Velasco ! tho' to thee but little known,

I did in past reveal my secret soul,

Told thee the feign'd Abdallah was Alonzo.

Further than that, thou hast not sought to know.

Tho' many a lonely hour we two have worn

On sea and shore, that some men would have thought

Most opportune.

*Vel.*

My Lord ! There are some men

Who having once been trusted with a little,

Avail themselves of that, some more to learn

And penetrate the bosom of a friend,

Even with the wedge his uneasiness had furnish'd—

Such men should not be trusted.

*Abd.*

True, Velasco !

But thou art not like them : I have observ'd thee,

Warm in affection, but in temper cool :

A steady judgment guides thee thro' the world.

Thy gen'rous mind pursues the path of honour,

Unbias'd and unmov'd.

*Vel.*

From early youth,

The chosen confidant of my companions,

I never yet from perfidy betray'd,

From babling vanity, divulg'd a secret.

*Abd.*

I have, a tale to tell, that will amaze,

Confound, and strike thee dumb. The deserts vast

Of Asia and of Africa have heard it.

The rocky cliffs of Caucasus and Atlas

Have echo'd my complaints : But never yet

The

The human ear receiv'd them. Thou hast heard  
Already more than ever mortal did.  
Thou know'st the princess?

*Vel.* Ormifinda!

*Abd.* Her.

*Vel.* Not many of the court have been more honour'd  
With opportunities to know her worth:  
And there is none who more her worth reveres.

*Abd.* Her worth? Thou may'st as well revere a fiend,  
The blackest fiend, that dwells in burning hell,  
Is not more opposit: to all that's good  
Than Ormifinda.

*Vel.* What a strain is this?

*Abd.* 'Tis true, by every high and holy name,  
That binds a foldier's and a prince's vow:  
I swear, Velasco, she's the vilest woman  
That e'er disgrac'd her sex. The most abandon'd,  
The hardiest, most determin'd in her vice,  
That ever wrong'd a fond believing heart.

*Vel.* Great God!

*Abd.* You start and shudder like a man  
Struck with a heavy blow.

*Vel.* And so I am.

*Abd.* And now you lift your eye-lids up and stare  
With looks full of conjecture and suspicion,  
As if you doubted of my sober mind.  
I am not mad, Velasco, tho' sometimes  
I have been near, yes, very near to madness;  
By that bad woman craz'd.

*Vel.* O! Would to heav'n!  
That this afflicting moment of my life  
Were a delirious dream! Unreal all  
That's heard and spoken now! But how, my Lord,  
Art thou so much affected by her crimes?

*Abd.* I am her husband.

*Vel.* Heav'n for that be prais'd!

*Abd.* How dar'st thou thus profane the name of heav'n  
And mock my misery? Thou art mad, I think;  
The frenzy which thou wishest it has come upon thee.  
Beware, for if this extasy endures

My

My sword secures thy silence.

*Vel.* O! forgive me, noble Alonzo, royal, I should say, doubly my master now. There's not a man, whose veins contain one drop of Spanish blood, who does not wish thee wedded to the princess. And for her virtue! Thou hast long been absent, and know'st not what an angel's life she leads! Reserv'd, retir'd, and sad. I'll stake my soul, some villain has believ'd thy faithful wife, and snar'd thy easy faith.

*Abd.* Take heed, take heed! I am the villain who accuse the princess, and thou shalt be her judge.

*Vel.* Eternal power! What should I think of this?

*Abd.* Listen to me. I have perplex'd thee, and have marr'd the story by my abruptness. 'Tis a serious story, not to be told in parcels and by starts, as I from impotence of mind began, but I will bear my swelling passion down, and utter all my shame. Thou dost remember how I was banish'd from my native land?

*Vel.* For killing young Ramirez.

*Abd.* At that time I doated on the princess. She conjur'd me with earnest prayers, with deluges of tears, not to resist her father, nor advance my better title to the crown of Spain, as I had once resolv'd. My rage she sooth'd; pride, anger, int'rest, yielded all to love. With her I made a merit of obedience, and pleaded so effectually my cause, that she consented to a private marriage, before I left the kingdom. We were married, and met together, four successive nights, in the sequestered cottage of the wood, behind the palace garden. O! I thought myself the happiest and the most belov'd of all mankind. She mock'd me all the while;

Mean



Meant me the cover of her loose amours,  
A cloak to hide her shame. O God! O God!  
Did I deserve no better?

*Vel.* Good my Lord!

What circumstance to warrant such conclusion?  
What evidence?

*Abdal.* The evidence of sight—

Mine eyes beheld: I saw myself dishonour'd,

*Vel.* Your eyes beheld!

*Abdal.* By Heav'n and Hell—they did.

The night preceding the appointed day

Of my departure, from the realm of Spain,

I flew impatient to the place of meeting,

Before the hour was come: To wear away

The tedious time, for ev'ry minute seem'd

An age to me, I struck into the wood

And wander'd there, still steering to the gate

By which she was to enter. Thro' the trees

The moon full orb'd in all her glory shone.

My am'rous mind a sportful purpose form'd,

Uneas to watch the coming of my bride,

And wantonly surprize her: Near the gate

There stood an aged tree, It was a beech,

Which far and wide stretch'd forth its level arms

Low, near the ground, and form'd a gloomy shade;

Behind its trunk I took my secret stand;

The gate was full in view, and the green path

On which it open'd. There I stood awhile,

And soon I heard the turning of the key.

My heart beat thick with joy—and forth she came—

Not as I wish'd: She had a minion with her;

A handsome youth was tripping by her side,

Girt with a sword, and dress'd in gay attire.

He seem'd to court her, as they pass'd along,

Coy, but not angry, for I heard her laugh.

She flung away. He follow'd, soon he took her,

Embrac'd her—

*Vel.* Ah! The Princess Ormisinda!

*Abdal.* I drew my sword, that I remember well,  
And then an interval like death ensued.

C

When

When consciousness return'd I found myself  
Stretch'd at my length upon the naked ground  
Under the tree: My sword lay by my side;  
The sudden shock, the transport of my rage,  
And grief, had stopt the current of my blood,  
And made a pause of life.

*Vel.* Alas! my Lord! What did'st thou do,  
'Twas piteous indeed: What did'st thou do,

When life and sense return'd? *Abdal.* With life and sense,

My rage return'd, stumbling with haste, I ran  
To sacrifice them to my just revenge.

But whether they had heard my heavy fall,

Or that my death-like swoon had lasted long,

I know not, but I never saw them more.

I search'd till morning; then away I went,

Resolv'd to scorn the strumpet, and forget her.

But I have not been able to forget

Nor to despise her; tho' I hate her more

Than ev'ry I lov'd her, still her image haunts me

Where'er I go. I think of nothing else

When I'm awake, and never shut my eyes

But she's the certain vision of my dream.

Sometimes, in all her loveliness she comes

Without her crimes: In extasy I wake,

And wish the vision had endur'd for ever.

For these deceitful moments, O! my friend!

Are the sole pleasant moments which Alonzo

For eighteen years has known.

*Vel.* Within that time, What regions barbarous hast thou explor'd,

What strange vicissitudes of life endur'd

In action and repose,

*Abdal.* Extremes of both.

I courted to relieve my tortur'd mind:

But the tormenter still my steps attends;

Behind me mounts, when thro' the ranks of war

I drive my fiery steed; and when I seek

The hermit's cell, the fiend pursues me there.

Time, which they say the wounds of passion cures

In

In other hearts, inflames and festers mine.  
There's but one remedy.

*Vel.* Would I could name one!

*Abdal.* Her life. The unktion for the serpent's bite  
Is the fell serpent's blood. I'll have her life.

Th' adulterers with infamy shall die,  
By public justice doom'd. With this intent  
Disguis'd I come. If in my proper shape  
I had appear'd, alarm'd she would have fled,  
And baffled my revenge.

*Vel.* My Lord, permit me  
One thing to mention, which these eyes beheld,  
Altho' it squares not just with thy opinion.

*Abdal.* Opinion!

*Vel.* Good my Lord! with patience hear.  
When first I was to this employment nam'd,  
Which since I have so happily discharg'd,  
The Princess sent and call'd me to her presence.  
The treaty with the Moor engross'd her thoughts.  
That sad and pensive air she always wears  
Was settled to a thicker gloom of grief.  
Her voice was low and languid. Few her words,  
And the short periods ended with a sigh.  
But when I gave her hopes of thy return,  
A sudden gleam of joy spread o'er her face,  
Like morning breaking in a cloudy sky.  
With earnest voice, still rising as she spoke,  
She urg'd dispatch, exhorted me to zeal  
And perseverance. Never to desist  
Till I had found thee: For her fate, she said,  
The fate of Spain, depended on Alonzo.  
Her passion then burst in a flood of tears  
That choak'd her utterance.

*Abdal.* And thou didst believe  
That ev'ry word she spoke was most sincere.  
How to interpret her let me instruct thee.  
Whate'er she utters with unusual warmth,  
As the effusion genuine of her heart,  
Receive and construe in another sense.  
Reverse and opposite; for that's the truth,

The words she spoke, her sighs, the tears she shed  
Were all from apprehension of my coming;  
Not as they seem'd, for fear I should not come.

*Vel.* 'Tis dreadful that.

*Abdal.* 'Tis horrible, 'tis monstrous!  
When I for her had wav'd my right to reign,  
The right undoubted of the Gothic line,  
And stoop'd, enamour'd, to that base decree  
From Spain, which banish'd the true heir of Spain,  
That she should pitch on me to be her fool,  
And pour such infinite contempt upon me,  
But four days married! Fond, to madness fond!  
And on the very eve of my departure!  
She would not for a single day refrain,  
But rush'd to prostitution!

*Vel.* I have heard  
Stories and tales enough of female falshood,  
Some that were true, and others that were feign'd,  
By spiteful wits maliciously devis'd,  
But this surpasses all.

*Abdal.* All wicked women  
Compar'd with her are saints. She is a foil  
To set them off, and make their foulness fair.  
In her incontinence she stands unrivall'd,  
Burning in fires peculiar to herself,  
Phoenix in lewdness.

*Vel.* May I ask my Lord  
How he intends?—But see the King draws near.

*Abdal.* He's much impair'd.

*Vel.* When foreboding comes  
In the decline of life! 'tis like a storm  
Which in the rear of autumn shakes the tree  
That frost had touch'd before; and strips it bare  
Of all it's leaves.

*(Enter the KING with attendants.)*

*(As he advances speaks to VELASCO.)*

*King.* We thank thy care, Velasco!

To ABDALLAH

Illustrious Prince! whom love of glory brings  
From regions so remote, to fight for Spain,

Accept



Accept the thanks a grateful nation pays  
To her defender.

*Abdal.* Monarch of Asturia!  
The nations of the East have heard thy praise.  
Had not the hand of time unstrung thine arm,  
Spain never would have sought for foreign aid  
To quell her foes.

*King.* 'Tis better far for Spain  
That I am old: For in my warlike days,  
When in the prime of flow'ring youth I fought,  
I equal'd not thy friend. Above his own,  
Above the strength of ev'ry mortal arm  
Alonzo thine exalts.

*Abdal.* Three times we fought  
With equal fortune on the Wolga's banks;  
He for the Monguls, I against them stood.  
But at our last encounter, on my helm  
His faithless blade broke short, and in his hand  
The useless hilt remain'd. My sword I dropt,  
And in my arms the valiant chief embrac'd.  
Our friendship thus commenc'd, and since that time  
We have been brothers sworn, and leagu'd in arms.  
Alonzo, fighting in my cause, receiv'd  
That wound which now detains him from the field.  
Urg'd by affection, and by honor bound,  
For him I come against the foes of Spain.  
But of myself more than enough is said;  
'Tis time to act. The Moorish knight, I hear,  
Is in the lists already.

*King.* Prince of Persia!  
The terms to thee are known.

*Abdal.* The first of men  
With pride such honors might from Spain receive;  
But never can these honors grace Abdalla.  
Long since my heart and hand were giv'n away;  
And tho' the custom of the East permits  
Unnumber'd consorts, me my faith restrains.  
But if victorious in the strife of death,  
I have an earnest and a just request  
To thee, O King! which, at a proper time,  
I shall be bold to make.

*King.* Whate'er it is,  
I pledge my honor and my faith, to grant it.

*Enter SEBASTIAN and ALBERTO.*

(ALBERTO goes on to the KING.)

*King.* Advance, Alberto! to the Prince himself,  
Deliver thou thy message and the present.

*Alb.* Great Sir! the Princess Ormifinda greets  
The gen'rous champion of her country's cause,  
Wishes that victory may sit to day,  
And ev'ry day of battle, on his sword.  
This costly bracelet from her arm she sends.  
To prince Abdallah, to Alonzo's friend.

*Abdal.* (*Looking steadfastly on Alberto.*) The princess  
is most bountiful, as thou,  
Who hast the honor to attend her, know'st.  
Her gracious present humbly I accept,  
And thank her for her goodness to Alonzo,  
Who will be proud to be by her remember'd.  
The combat ended, I propose to pay  
My homage to her beauty. At this time  
My mind is in the lists.—The Moorish knight  
Will think me tardy. (*To the King.*)

*King.* Let our trumpets sound  
A sprightly charge. The warrior's heart beats time  
To that brave music. Onward from this place  
A path direct to thy pavilion leads.

(*The KING turns and gives orders.*)

*Abdal. to Vel.* Another minion! View him well,  
Velasco!

How insolent! See what a crest he rears,  
Elated with her favour. O! vile woman!  
Insatiate and inconstant.

*Vel.* Ah! my Lord!  
Truce with such thoughts! Sure this is not a time!  
The combat claims a cool and present mind.

*Abdal.* Fear not the combat.

*Vel.* Thou art waited for;  
The King himself intends with thee to walk.

[*Exeunt: Abdallah looking back at Alberto.*  
(*Manent*)

(*March* ALBERTO, SEBASTIAN.)

*Alb.* That Prince of Persia is compos'd of pride;  
He did not deign to look upon the present,  
But stretch'd his sun-burnt hand straight out before him,  
Like a blind man, and would have stood so still,  
Had I not made his fingers feel the pearls,  
And all the while he star'd me in the face,  
As if he meant to oppress me with his eye.  
And fright me with his fierce and uncouth looks.  
I blush'd at first, but anger came at last,  
And bore me up.

*Seb.* Those princes of the East,  
Us'd to the servile manners of their country,  
Where ev'ry prostrate slave adores his lord,  
Without intention shock the sons of Europe.

*Alb.* O! how unlike to him the King of Spain,  
And that most gentle Princess, Ormifinda!  
Her look, her voice, benign and mild, dispel  
The awe her rank inspires, and reassure  
The modest mind. Would'st thou believe, Sebastian,  
She talk'd to me, I cannot tell how long,  
Before thou cam'st, and question'd me minutely  
How I had liv'd, how past my youthful days?  
I fear I was too copious in my answers.  
What signifies my rural life to her?  
And yet she seem'd to listen with delight,  
As if she had an int'rest in my fate;  
And once or twice when I of danger spoke,  
From which I hardly had escap'd with life,  
Methought I saw her tremble. Much she blam'd  
My rashness; yet she prais'd my courage too.  
With all her tenderness of heart, I see  
That she admires true valour.

*Seb.* So she does.  
The bravest knight that e'er was clad in steel,  
Alonso, was the lover of her youth:  
And since he left this land she ne'er rejoic'd.  
But of these matters I will tell thee more  
At a convenient season, Let us follow,  
And join the train before they reach the lists.

*Alb.* I would not lose one moment of this fight  
For half the lands of Spain: Tho' I abhor  
The Persian, yet I pray devoutly for him.

(*Exeunt.*)



## ACT IV. SCENE I.

*The City.**Enter ORMISINDA and TERESA.*

*Orm.* **T**HIS city looks as if a pestilence  
 Had swept the whole inhabitants away.  
 The solitary streets, the empty squares,  
 Appall me more than the deserted palace.  
 Let us go back again.

*Ter.* 'Tis time we should.  
 You trembled at the howling of a dog,  
 That broke the silence and increas'd the horror.  
 If we stay here we shall be fancy-struck,  
 Mistake some statue for a pale-fac'd ghost,  
 And think it beckons with its marble arm.

*Orm.* Why should this desolation frighten me?  
 Why should I fear to see a grave-clad ghost,  
 Who may so soon be number'd with the dead,  
 And be myself a ghost? What noise is that?  
 Did'st thou not hear, Teresa?

*Ter.* Yes, I did.  
 I heard an uncouth sound.

*Orm.* Uncouth indeed!  
 An universal groan! Hark! there again.

*Ter.* 'Tis not the same. This has another tone,  
 A shout of triumph, and a burst of joy.

*Orm.* The combat's over, and my fate's determin'd.  
 Now death or life!

*Ter.* Long may the Princess live!  
 And every hour be fortunate as this!

The Spanish trumpets sound, the sign I know.  
 Thy champion has prevail'd.

C. 5.

*Orm.* O gracious heav'n !  
The lists are near, and we shall quickly learn.

*Ter.* Look yonder, flying swifter than the wind,  
A horseman comes; now at the gate he lights,  
And hastes across the square. It is Sebastian.  
His look, his gesture, speak his tidings good.

[Enter Sebastian.

*Seb.* Joy to the princess ! Victory and peace !  
The Moor is slain by brave Abdallah's hand.

*Orm.* Blest be thy tongue, Sebastian ! Thou shalt  
find

Some better recompence than barren thanks  
For these glad tidings. But the gen'rous Prince  
Who fought for Spain—

*Seb.* Safe and without a wound,  
Fresh for another foe, Abdallah stands.  
Short was the combat : Soon the boaster fell,  
Who durst defy the Christian world to arms.

*Orm.* The God of battles, whom Abdallah serves,  
Has overthrown the infidel, whose trust  
Was in his own right arm.

*Seb.* If I should live  
Ten thousand years, I never could forget  
The solemn prelude and the fierce encounter.  
'Thou know'st the place appointed for the combat,  
An amphitheatre by nature form'd.

*Orm.* I know it well.

*Seb.* The hills, of various slope  
And shape, which circle round the spacious plain,  
Were cover'd with a multitude immense  
Of either sex, of every age and rank,  
Christian and Moor ; whose faces and attire  
Strangely diversified the living scene.  
Within the lists a gallery was rais'd  
In which thy father and the Moorish prince  
Sat with their peers, the judges of the field.  
To them the knights with slow and stately pace  
Approach'd ; and bound by sacred oaths declar'd  
That they no charm nor incantation us'd,  
But trusted in their valour and their arms.

With

With low obeisance then they both fell back ;  
 And first the Moor (for he the challenge gave)  
 March'd to the middle of the list'd field ;  
 There seiz'd his ponderous mace, beneath whose  
 weight,

The brawny bearer bow'd ; and round his head,  
 Like a light foil, he flourish'd it in air.  
 On him with different thoughts the nations gaz'd.  
 But suddenly a flash of light and flame  
 Struck ev'ry eye from brave Abdallah's shield,  
 Cover'd till then. 'Twas made of polish'd steel,  
 Which shone like adamant ; and to a point  
 Rose in the centre, slanting on each side.  
 This shield the Persian Prince advancing bore  
 On his left arm outstretch'd, and in his right,  
 Thrown back a little, gleam'd a pointed sword.  
 Erect and high the bold Mirmallon stood,  
 And sternly ey'd his near approaching foe.  
 Then forward sprung, and on the flaming shield  
 Discharg'd a mighty blow, enough to crush  
 A wall, or split a rock. The Spaniards gave  
 A general groan.

*Orm.* That was the dreadful sound  
 We heard, Teresa.

*Seb.* Glancing from the shield,  
 Aside the mace descended. Then enrag'd,  
 Once more the Moor his thund'ring weapon rear'd.  
 In stept the Prince, and raising high his shield,  
 Midway he met the blow ; and with the strength  
 And vigour of his arm, obliquely down  
 The pond'rous mace he drove. Then quick as  
 thought,

His better hand and foot at once advancing,  
 Plung'd in Mirmallon's throat his thirsty blade.  
 The giant stagger'd for a little space ;  
 Then falling shook the earth. The Christians rais'd  
 A shout that rent the air. Away I came,  
 Happy to be the bearer of such tidings. [*Trumpets.*]

*Orm.* Behold, they come in triumph from the field.  
 O! glorious man ! And yet forgive me, Heav'n,  
 I grudge

I grudge the conquest to Alonzo's friend,  
And wish Alonzo in Abdallah's place!

*Enter the KING, ABDALLAH, VELASCO,*  
*ALBERTO, &c.*

*Abd.* [To Velasco.] See where she stands. O Heavens!

*Vel.* My Lord Alonzo,  
Compose thy thoughts.

*Abd.* Behold her how she looks;  
As if she knew no ill. That harden'd heart  
Against remorse and fear and shame is arm'd;  
But I shall wring it now.

*King.* Daughter, draw near!  
This godlike Prince all recompence disclaims,  
Save thanks from Spain. The pleasing task be thine  
To greet the saviour of thy native land,  
And speak our gratitude.

*Orm.* No words can speak  
The gratitude I feel. Believe it great  
As my deliverance, vast as my distress!  
Like sad Andromeda, chain'd to the rock  
I stood a living prey, when this brave Prince,  
Came like another Perseus from the sky,  
And sav'd me from destruction. I forget,  
Wrapt in myself, the charge my father gave  
To thank the saviour of my native land;  
Another voice shall give thee thanks for Spain,  
Alonzo's voice shall thank thee for his country,  
His friends, his people—sav'd.

*Abd.* Ah! if I hear *(aside.)*  
This syren longer, she will charm my rage;  
But I remember where I heard her last.  
Princess of Spain! I merit not thy praise.  
Sent by Alonzo to this land I came:  
What has been done, for him I have perform'd.  
Now of his promise I remind the King  
To grant me one request.

*King.* Speak! It is granted.

*Orm.* If I conjecture right, even that request  
Will prove one favour more on Spain conferr'd.

*Abd.* Perhaps it may.

*King.*



*King.* Proceed illustrious Prince!  
And make me happy to fulfil thy wish.

*Abd.* Not for myself I speak, but for my friend;  
And in his name, whose person I sustain,  
I ask for justice on a great offender.

*King.* Thou shalt have ample and immediate  
justice.

Nor favour nor affinity shall screen  
The guilty person. Prince, why art thou troubled?  
Thou shak'st from head to foot. Thy quiv'ring lip  
Is pale with passion. On thy forehead stand  
Big drops. Almighty God! What dreadful birth  
Do these strong pangs portend?

*Abd.* The guilty person,  
Whom with a capital offence I charge,  
Stands by thy side.

*King.* My daughter!

*Abd.* Yes! thy daughter!  
'Tis her I mean, the Princess Ormisinda,  
Here in the presence of the Peers of Spain,  
I charge her with a crime, whose doom the laws  
Of Spain have wrote in blood: Adultery.  
I read astonishment in every face!

Who would suspect that one so highly born,  
With ev'ry outward mark of virtue grac'd,  
Had giv'n her honour to a worthless wretch,  
And driv'n a noble husband to despair!

*King.* Am I awake! Is this the light of day?  
Art thou, O! Prince, with sudden frenzy seiz'd?  
Or is the madness mine? Renown'd Abdallah!  
What answer can be made to such a charge?  
This strange demand of justice on my daughter,  
For an offence that she could not commit?  
My daughter ne'er was married.

*Abdal.* Ask her that?  
Hear if she will deny she has a husband?

*King.* My child, thou art amaz'd!

*Orm.* No, not so much  
As thou wilt be my father, when thou hear'st  
Thy daughter's tongue confess she has a husband.

*King.*

*King.* Hast thou a husband! God of heav'n and earth!

Since thou hast thus dissembled with thy father,  
Perhaps thou hast deceiv'd thy husband too:  
Who is thy husband? Speak?

*Orm.* The Prince Alonzo.

*King.* And hast thou been so long in secret wedded?  
'Tis eighteen years since he departed hence.

*Orm.* O! I have reason to remember that.  
There is no calendar so just and true  
As the sad mem'ry of a wife forsaken.

The years, the months, the weeks, the very days,  
Are reckon'd, register'd, recorded there!  
And of that period I could cite such times,  
So dolorous, distressful, melancholy,  
That the bare mention of them would excite  
Amazement how I live to tell the tale.

But I forget the present in the past.  
No wonder, for this moment is the first  
That opens the sluices of a heart o'ercharg'd,  
And bursting with a flood of grief conceal'd.  
But I must turn me to another theme.

The earnest eyes of all are bent on me,  
Watching my looks, and prying to discern  
Symptoms of innocence or signs of guilt.  
Hear then the frank confession of my soul:  
I have transgress'd.

*King.* Stain of a noble race!  
Dost thou avow thy crime?

*Orm.* Mistake me not,  
I have transgress'd my duty to my father:  
Without his knowledge, and against his will,  
Mov'd by a tender lover's parting tears,  
I join'd myself in wedlock to Alonzo.

My king, my father, pardon the offence,  
Which against thee I own I have committed:  
But may I ne'er of God or man be pardon'd,  
Nor friend nor father ever pity me,  
If I have swerv'd one step from virtue's path,  
Or broke the smallest parcel of that vow

Which binds a faithful wife! O! Prince of Persia!  
Thou

Thou art the best of friends and benefactors;  
Thou com'st to end my most distracting woes,  
And to dispel th' impenetrable cloud  
That darken'd all my days. Now I shall know  
Why I have been abandon'd and forsaken,  
Why I have been dejected and despis'd,  
As never woman was. Proceed, my Lord,  
And whilst thou keenly dost assail my life,  
And, dearer far, my honor and my fame,  
Secure in innocence, I'll calmly hear.  
From thee, I hope, the end of all my cares.

*Abdal.* Even thus Alonzo told me she would speak,  
And thus proclaim her innocence.

*Orm.* Did he?

O! would to heav'n Alonzo heard me now,  
Fearless defend his honor and my own!  
My voice, which once was music to his ear,  
Like David's harp which sooth'd the gloomy king,  
Would charm his malady, would drive away  
The evil spirit; and call back again  
The better genius of his early days.

O! thou that wert so good, so great! admir'd  
Of all mankind! my lov'd, my lost Alonzo!  
For thee, in this humiliating hour,  
More than myself I mourn.

*Abdal. (Half aside.)* Eternal Power!  
To whom the secrets of all hearts are known!  
Hear, hear this woman, and between us judge!  
'Tis not my business to contend with words,  
These are the conquering arms of womankind.  
A nobler course of trial lies before me:

In a wrong'd husband's name I charge this lady  
With infidelity; and crave the doom  
Of law upon her head. If any knight,  
Spaniard or stranger, dares assert her cause,  
Let him stand forth, and take my gauntlet up;  
Which on the ground I throw, my gage to prove  
That she is false to honor and Alonzo.

*Orm.* Before the gage of death is lifted up,  
Hear me one moment. By Alonzo sent,

Thou

Thou com'st instructed in Alonzo's wrongs.  
 Let me conjure thee then, by all that's dear,  
 By all that's sacred to the great and brave,  
 Thy mother's memory, thy comfort's fame,  
 Not on a gen'ral charge, obscure and vague,  
 To which there is no answer but denial,  
 To found the claim of combat: Single out  
 What circumstance thou wilt of special note,  
 Of such a kind as may be tried and known  
 For true or false. Tell us at least his name,  
 With whom Alonzo's wife her honor stain'd,  
 And let us be confronted.

[*Young Alberto steps forth.*]

*Alb.* Heaven forbid

That thou should'st be confronted with a villain,  
 Princess of Spain! Be sure some wretch there is,  
 Some renegado, false to God and man,  
 Suborn'd, and ready with a lying tongue,  
 To second this brave Prince who wrongs thy fame,  
 And wounds thy modest ear. Too much by far  
 Already thou hast heard. Pretended Prince!  
 For there is nothing royal in thy soul!  
 Thou base defamer of a lady's name!  
 I take thy gauntlet up, and hold it high  
 In scorn, and fierce defiance, to thy face.  
 My gage to prove thy accusation false,  
 And thee, the author of a tale invented  
 To rob a noble lady of her fame.

*Orm.* Where am I now? What shall I do, Teresa?

[*Aside.*]

*Ter.* The God of Heav'n direct thee!

*Abdal.* Boy! To thee

I answer nothing. I suspect the cause  
 Of thy presumption, and could wish that Spain  
 Had giv'n a worthier victim to my sword. [*Walks aside.*]

*Orm.* O! valiant youth! much am I bound to thee;  
 But have reasons that import the state,  
 Which shall, whatever is my fate, be known;  
 And own'd hereafter to be great and weighty,  
 Why I decline th' assistance of thy sword.

If



If this appeal to combat is the law,  
And I can find no champion but Alberto,  
Without the chance of combat let me fall,  
For I will not accept—

*Alb.* Recall these words,  
Too gen'rous Princess! I can read thy thoughts:  
Thou think'st my youth unequal to the foe;  
Thou fear'st the weakness of Alberto's arm.  
My strength exceeds the promise of my years;  
Oft have I bent the bow, and drawn the sword;  
Nor fly my shafts, nor falls my sword in vain.  
This day against a troop alone I fought;  
But never did I fight in such a cause,  
Nor was I e'er so certain to prevail.  
A fire divine invades my zealous breast:  
I feel the force of legions in mine arm.  
Thy innocence has made thy champion strong!  
The God of battles is our righteous judge;  
And let the cause be tried.

[*A warrior armed, with his helmet on, steps forth.*]

*War.* But not by thee!  
Thy father's voice forbids, too daring youth!  
Stand back, and let thy master in the art  
Of war, now claim the combat for his own.  
My liege!

*King.* That voice I know! Thy figure too  
Resembles much a chief, lamented long  
As slain in battle.

*War.* I am he, Costollo.  
'Tis true, O king! that on the field I fell,  
Fighting for Spain. How I was sav'd from death,  
And where, for many years I have remain'd,  
This is no time to tell. This hour demands  
A soldier's speech, brief prologue to his deeds.  
On me, proud Persian! turn thy gloomy eyes,  
Hear me, and let thy ready sword reply.  
With hell-born malice, level'd at her life,  
Thou hast desam'd a Princess, honour'd, lov'd,  
By all, who virtue or fair honour love.

The

The fell Hyæna, native of thy land,  
Has not a voice or heart more false than thine,  
Thou counterfeit of truth! whom I defy  
To mortal combat, and the proof of arms,  
Thy full-blown fame, thy unexhausted strength,  
Deceitful confidence, I laugh to scorn;  
The conquering cause is mine.

*Alb.* My lord, the King  
And ye his counsellors for wisdom fam'd  
You will not sure permit this good old man,  
By fond affection for his son impall'd,  
To meet so stern a foe. His hoary head,  
His wither'd veins, are symptoms of decay.  
Lean not upon a reed which time hath bruiz'd,  
Nor trust the life and honour of the Princess  
To the weak arm of age.

*Abdal.* I'll fight you both, and match your  
Father and son at once. Together come,  
Tongue-valiant men! and try Abdallah's arm.  
I'll have it so; for both of you have dar'd,  
Ignoble as you are, to match yourselves  
Against a Prince who moves not in your sphere,  
And utter words for which such blood as yours  
Is poor atonement.

*Cost.* Ev'ry word thou speak'st  
Is insolent and false. Son of a slave!  
For eastern monarchs buy with gold their brides,  
The blood by thee despis'd, flows from a source  
Purer than thine and nobler.

*Alb.* Nay, my father!  
That's said too far. Fierce and disdainful Prince,  
Vain is the offer which thy passion makes;  
Perhaps the conqueror of the Moor may find  
One Spaniard is enough.

*Cost.* A father's right  
Unmov'd I claim, and with determin'd voice  
Forbid the combat.

*King.* Hence let us retire  
To the pavilion. There our peers shall judge  
Of your pretensions.

[*Exeunt King and Spaniards.*]

*Abdal.*

*Abdal.* Come with me Velasco.

[*Exeunt Abdallah and Velasco.*]

(*Manent ORMISINDA and TERESA.*)

*Orm.* My thoughts are of my son. Mine own estate  
Is desperate. The husband whom I lov'd,  
On whom I doated, and from whom I suffer'd,  
What never woman with such patience bore,  
Conspires against my honour and my life;  
Long cherish'd hope, farewell!

*Ter.* To guard thy son  
Defend thyself; and, to prevent the combat,  
In thy demand persist. Call the accuser  
To circumstance of proof! That is the thread  
To lead us thro' this labyrinth perplex'd.  
Nor has the Persian thy demand refus'd.

*Orm.* He had not time to speak. Alberto's voice  
Broke in like thunder in his mother's cause.  
Amidst the anguish of my tortur'd heart,  
My soul exults, Teresa! in my son!  
When in the pride of valour forth he came,  
And for my sake defied the bold Abdallah,  
His look (he seem'd a cherub in my eyes!)  
His voice (at every word my bosom yearn'd!)  
Transported me so much, that I forgot  
His state and mine, and had well nigh sprung forth  
To clasp my blooming hero in my arms.

*Ter.* No wonder that his mother's soul was mov'd:  
His brave demeanor the spectators charm'd.  
Valour, which sheds a glory round the head  
Of age and ruggedness; how bright its beams  
When in the lovely front of youth they shine!

*Orm.* I've heard of strange and perilous essays  
To try the pureness of suspected virtue.  
I'll undergo whate'er can be devis'd.  
By ordeal trial let my faith be prov'd.  
Blindfold, barefooted, on the smoking soil,  
With red hot plough-shares spread, I'll walk my way;  
Plunge in the boiling oil my naked arm,  
But will not risk my young Alonzo's life.  
The Moorish host hangs o'er our heads no more.

The

The heir of Spain shall for himself be known,  
Alonzo's son.

*Ter.* He will not be allow'd  
Alonzo's son, nor yet the heir of Spain,  
Whilst slander's breath sullies his mother's fame.

*Orm.* Now thou hast touch'd a string, to whose deep  
found

A mother's heart replies. My son! my son!  
I weigh thy virtues down, hang on thy life,  
Attaint thy blood, thy birth, thy right to reign!  
The birds of prey that dwell among the rocks,  
The savage beasts that thro' the deserts roam,  
The monsters of the deep, their offspring love,  
And to preserve their lives devote their own.  
Athwart the gloom, I see a flash of light,  
That opens the horizon. I descry  
A hand that points a high and lofty path  
Which I will boldly tread. Now to my father.  
Upon my knees his aid I'll first implore. [*Exit.*]



## A C T V. S C E N E I.

ABDALLAH and VELASCO.

*Vel.* **B**EFORE this day she ne'er beheld the boy.  
Far from this place in Catalonia bred,  
He came to see the famous combat fought;  
'Twas he, my Lord, who slew the Moorish chief;  
And in his own defence such wonders wrought.  
That action to the Princess made him known,  
The rest in honour of his valour follow'd.

*Abdal.* How dost thou know?

*Vel.* With admiration struck,  
When he stood forth and brav'd a foe, like thee,  
Of divers persons curious I enquir'd,  
Who, and from whence he was.

*Abdal.* Pity it were  
To hurt the stripling. 'Tis a noble boy.  
I love the outbreak of his Spanish fire  
Against the Moors.

*Vel.* Ay, and against Abdallah,  
Whom antient fame and recent glory rais'd,  
Above all mortal men. Spare this young plant,  
Who makes so fair a shoot.

*Abdal.* How can I spare him?  
Should their election send him to my sword,  
How, good Velasco?

*Vel.* When the peers return,  
The King, the Princess, with their champion chosen,  
Then to the wond'ring audience, in the face  
Of her that's guilty, let my Lord relate  
The truth-mark'd story he to me has told.

**Detected**

Detected thus, confounded, and surpris'd,  
 Pierc'd with a thousand eyes, that gaze upon her,  
 And dart conviction; can she still deny,  
 And by denial, make her guilt ambiguous?  
 But if her sex's genius is so strong,  
 That she the port of innocence maintains,  
 And, from the fulness and excess of vice,  
 Derives a boldness, that may look like virtue,  
 Then let the sword decide.

*Abd.* What you propose  
 Is worth the trial. I am loth to spill  
 The young Alberto's or Costollo's blood:  
 For they deserve no harm. Ev'n you, my friend,  
 Before my hand unclasp'd the book of shame,  
 Her champion would have been.

*Vel.* Against the world.

*Abd.* I will adopt the counsel of Velasco,  
 And probe more deeply still her fester'd mind.  
 I see 'tis better that she should confess  
 Her guilt, than with her vanquish'd champion fall,  
 By doom of law, protesting to the last  
 Her innocence.

*Vel.* Better a thousand times.  
 Her dying voice would shake the hearts of men,  
 And echo thro' the world.

*Abd.* Behold the King.  
 And young Alberto marching by his side  
 As if he trod on air.

*Vel.* See Ormisinda  
 With folded hands implores her list'ning fire.

*Enter the King, Ormisinda, Teresa, Alberto,  
 Costollo, &c.*

*King.* The peers of Spain have judg'd. Stand forth,  
 Alberto!  
 Behold the champion of my daughter's fame.  
 Before the trumpet's voice unsheaths the sword  
 Which one of us shall never sheath again,  
 Permit me, Prince of Persia, to intreat  
 A moment's audience. Not from fear I speak,  
 The cause I fight for, and the mind I bear,  
 Exalt me far above the thoughts of danger;

But

But from a conscious sense of what is due  
To thee, renown'd Abdallah. In the heat  
Of our contention, if my tongue has utter'd  
One word offensive to thy noble ear,  
Which might have been omitted, and the tone  
Of firm defiance equally preserv'd,  
For that I ask forgiveness.

*Abdal.* Lest I mark'd

The manner than the matter of thy speech:  
If thou dost need forgiveness, freely take it,

*King.* 'Twas generously ask'd, and nobly granted:  
Such courtesy with valour ever dwells.

Let me too crave for a few words thine ear.

Throughout the trying business of this day,

Thou art my witness, that my mind upright

Has never been by pow'rful nature bent,

Nor sway'd to favour an opinion form'd,

By long habitual and accusom'd love;

But I with equal hand the balance held

Between thee and my child.

*Abdal.* Thou hast indeed.

It is but justice that I should declare it.

*King.* Then to thy candour let me now appeal,

And beg of thee to grant me one request,

Which I do not, but might perhaps, command.

*Abdal.* What is it?

*King.* I have search'd my hapless child,

Ev'n to the pith and marrow of her soul,

Have touch'd her to the quick. She never shrinks

Nor wavers in the least. Perhaps, my Lord?

Some fool officious, or some wretch that's worse,

(If there is ought comes between man and wife

That's more pernicious than a meddling fool)

Some false designing friend has wrong'd her fame,

And pour'd his poison in Alonzo's ear.

If thou wilt give some scope to her defence,

And bring the charge from darkness into light,

Then she shall forthwith answer on the spot

Where now she stands before us.

*Orm.* If I fail,  
To clear my fame ev'n in Abdallah's fight;  
If but one dark suspicious speck remains,  
To make mine honour dim, let me be held  
Guilty of all. Before-hand I renounce  
The right of combat, and submit to die.

*Abdal.* Thy wish is fatal, but it shall be granted,  
This instant too.

*Orm.* Blessings upon thy head!  
Ten thousand blessings! O! thou dost not know  
How happy thou hast made me. On my breast  
A mountain lay: Thy hand has heav'd it off,  
And now I breathe again.

*Abdal.* O woman! woman!  
A little way from hence my people wait:  
With them remains a necessary witness.  
Thither I go, and quickly will return  
To ring thy knell. *[Exit Abdallah.]*

*Orm.* The knell of all my woes!  
My heart knocks at my side, as if 'twould burst  
Itself a passage outwards. Yet a while  
Poor suffering heart, and thou shalt beat no more.  
Shortly for what I am I shall be known:  
Then let my doom be squar'd to my desert  
Without indulgence.

*King.* I can trust thee, now:  
Thine eye secure beams innocence and honour.  
Thou art my daughter still.

*Alb.* I fear, O King!  
Some practice vile, some infamous imposture,  
Supported by false witness. Still I wish  
The fair decision of the honest sword.

*Enter ABDALLAH in a Spanish Dress as ALONZO.*

*King.* God of my soul! What mockery is this!  
Unless my eyes deceive, me 'tis Alonzo.

*Orm.* My husband! Ah! *[Runs to embrace him,  
he repulses her.]*

*Alon.* Away thy husband's shame  
Shame to thy sex, reproach of womankind!

*Orm.*



*Orm.* O! shield me, Heaven! Abdallah was Alonzo,

*Alon.* To heav'n appeal not.

*Orm.* I appeal to Heav'n,

Justice on earth will come too late for me.

*King.* Hast thou no other witness than thyself? [*To Alon.*

*Alon.* I have no other, and none else require.

*King.* Unfeeling man, to trifle with our sorrows,  
And like a pageant play a mimic scene;

This is thy hatred of Pelagio's house,

Thy passion to confound a rival race.

Would I were young again!

*Alb.* Defend thyself. [*To Alonzo.*]

I can no longer hold me from thy breast.

*Pel.* Sound, trumpet, sound! and Heav'n defend  
the right!

*Alon.* His blood be on your heads. [*Drawing his sword.*

[*Ormisinda throws herself between their swords.*]

*Orm.* Hold! Strike thro' me!

You know not what you do, unhappy both!

This combat must not, nor it shall not be.

The Sun in Heav'n would backward turn his course,

And shrink from such a spectacle as this,

More horrid than the banquet of Thyestes.

You have no quarrel. I'll remove the cause.

A Roman matron, to redeem her fame,

Before her husband's and her father's eyes

Plung'd in her breast the steel. [*Stabs herself, and falls.*]

*King.* O! Desp'rate deed!

What fury urg'd thy hand?

*Orm.* Condemn me not.

There was no other way to save—but that

Must not as yet be told. My husband! hear

My dying voice! my latest words believe,

Whose truth my blood hath seal'd: I'm innocent.

As I for mercy hope at that tribunal

Where I shall soon appear, I never wrong'd thee.

When that is manifest, remember me

As love like mine deserv'd, and to this youth,

Who is—

*Alon.* Who is this youth! All-seeing God!

A secret horror comes upon my soul.

Who is this youth!

*Orm.*

*Orm.* He is thy son.

*Alon.* My son!

*Orm.* Whom thy forsaken wife in sorrow bore,  
And gave in secret to Costello's care.

*Alb.* Art thou my mother! Dost thou die for me?

*Orm.* I die with pleasure to be just to thee.  
O! if that Power which did inspire my soul  
To rush between your swords, would let me live,  
To prove my innocence. *Alonzo speak!*  
Whilst I have breath to answer.

*Alon.* Tho' disarm'd  
And soften'd, even if guilty to forgive thee,  
Thy solemn call I instantly obey;  
That night appointed for our last farewell,  
That fatal night for ever curst——thou know'st  
What happen'd then.

*Orm.* I know thou didst not come,  
Forlorn thou lefted'st me.

*Alon.* Thou wast not forlorn,  
In the dark wood with thee there was a youth.

*Orm.* (*After a pause.*) O heaven and earth, a youth!  
It was Teresa.

*Alon.* Teresa!

*Ter.* Yes, that memorable night,  
My brother's sword and helmet plum'd I wore. [*soul.*

*Alon.* Great God! the snares of hell have caught my

*Ter.* The night before, the Princess, as she went,  
Was fright'ned in the wood, and I assumed  
That warlike form to seem——

*Alon.* No matter why?  
I saw thee then, and thought thee what thou seem'dst.

*King.* She's innocent; like gold try'd in the fire,  
Her honor shines: Would I had died for thee!

*Orm.* Why didst thou never till this moment speak?  
[*To ORMISINDA.*

*Alon.* Because I'm born and destin'd to perdition.  
[*To ALONZO.*

Had I a voice like *Ætna* when it roars;  
For in my breast is pent as hot a fire:  
I'd speak in flames.

*Orm.* My Lord!

*Alon.*

*Alon.* Do not forgive me.  
Do not oppress me with such tender looks:  
I will not be forgiven.

[*ORMIS. raising herself and stretching out her arms.*

*Orm.* Come to my arms  
And let me sooth thine anguish. Had I been  
What I to thee appear'd, thy rage was just.  
A Spaniard's temper, and a Prince's pride,  
A Lover's passion, and a Husband's honor,  
Prompted no less.

*Alon.* Hear, men and angels hear.  
Let me fall down and worship.

[*Throws herself into her arms.*

Oh I loved thee!

I lov'd thee all the while, to madness loved.

*Orm.* My husband! dear as ever to my heart!  
In my last moments dear!

*Alon.* My heart is torn.  
My head, my brain! How blest I might have been &  
With such a wife, with such a son!

*Orm.* To him.  
Pay all the debt of love thou ow'st to me:  
Embrace thy son before mine eyes are clos'd:  
Let me behold him in his father's arms.

*Alon.* Thou brave defender of thy mother's fame!

*Orm.* He's gentle too; his soul dissolves in grief.

*Alon.* My falt'ring tongue dares scarcely call thee son.  
Can'st thou endure the touch of such a father?

*Alb.* My bursting heart, amidst its grief is proud  
Of such a father. Let me clasp thy knees,  
And help to reconcile thee to thyself. [*They embrace.*

*Orm.* This pleasing sight subdues the pains of death.  
My son!

*Alb.* My mother, Oh!

*Orm.* My dearest husband——

*Alon.* What would'st thou say. Alas! thine eye  
Thy voice begins to fail. [grows dim;

*Orm.* Remember me  
When I am dead; remember how I lov'd you.  
And thou, Alonzo, live to guard thy son,  
To fix the Spanish scepter in ——

D 2 [Dies looking at her son

*Alonzo remains silent, with his eyes fixed upon Ormaiz.*

*Alb.* My father!

Under thy gather'd brows I see despair:  
Have pity on thy son, who liv'd so long  
In total ignorance of what he was:  
Who has already seen one parent die,  
And for the sad survivor trembles now,  
My mother's last request!

*Alon.* I'm mindful of it.

And to her sacred memory will be just;  
Hang not on me, my son! go to the King,  
And pay thy duty there. *[The King embraces Alberto.]*

*King.* My child, my all!

I lov'd thee at first sight.

*Alon.* 'Tis well; 'tis well.

The good old King hath still some comfort left.

Now is my time.

*[Draws his sword]*

Oft have I struck with thee,

But never struck a foe with better will

Than now myself. *[Stabs himself and falls.]*

VELASCO, COSTELLO. Alas!

*Alb.* *(turning.)* 'Twas this I fear'd.

*Alon.* There was good cause to fear. I would  
have liv'd

Fortuned, Had I with honor, could have liv'd.

My sons, thy fathers were renown'd in arms:

The valour of our warlike race is thine:

But guard against the impulse of their blood.

Take warning by my fate.

*Pel.* Thou might'st have liv'd,

Renown'd Alonzo; even I forgave

And pitied thee.

*Alon.* I am more just than thou—

For I did not forgive, nor would I live

Upon the alms of other men; their pity—

Farewel, my son! O! Ormaizinda, stay

'Till I mistake thee.

*Exit.*

*(The King to Alberto.)*

*Pel.* Dwell not on this sight,

Prince of Asturia! leave the scene of sorrow.





## ADVERTISEMENT.

**T**HE author of the following Tragedy, has, in his former attempts of the same kind, avoided to trouble the reader with either dedication or preface. His chief reason for declining this common mode of appearing before the public, was the necessity, which it would lay him under, of speaking concerning himself and his works. The success of *Alonzo* calls upon him to depart from his former plan; and to break that silence, which might now be reckoned arrogant, and even ungrateful, to those, from whom he in a great measure derives his success.

He embraces with pleasure, this occasion, to acknowledge his obligations to **THE MANAGERS** of the theatre, whose friendly, anxious, and active zeal he hath so often experienced: To **THE PERFORMERS**, who have so strenuously contended with each other, in their very generous endeavours to embellish the representation of the piece: To **Mrs. BARRY**—but the public voice has exalted her above his praise: Yet he claims the merit of having, before others, observed her now allowed and unrivalled excellency. From the colour of the dawn, he foretold the brightness of the day.

For **Mrs. BARRY** he wrote the part of *Ormifinda*, and the most flattering circumstance to him, in the success of his play, is the universal opinion, (vouched, not only by the loudest applause that ever shook the stage, but by the greatest effusion of tears) that the **ACTRESS** so much exalted **THE CHARACTER**, that she exceeded all imagination, and reached the summit of perfection.

# PROLOGUE

Spoken by Mr. PALMER.

**W**HILST ardent Zeal for India's Reformation,  
Hath fired the Spirit of a generous Nation;  
Whilst Patriots of presented Lacks complain,  
And Courtiers Bribery to Excess arraign;  
The Maxims of Bengal still rule the Stage,  
The Poets are your Slaves from Age to Age,  
Like Eastern Princes in this House you sit,  
The Soubahs, and Nababs of suppliant Wit;  
Each Bard his Present brings, when he draws near,  
With Prologue first, he soothes your gracious Ear;  
We hope your Clemency will shine to Day,  
For tho' despotic, gentle in your Savag.  
These conscious Walls if they cou'd speak wou'd tell,  
How seldom by your Doom, a Poet fell:  
Your Mercy oft suspends the Critics Laws,  
Your Hearts are partial, to an Author's Cause.  
Pleas'd with such Lords, content with our Condition,  
Against your Charter we will ne'er petition.  
If certain Folks, should send us a Committee,  
(Like that which lately visited the City)  
Who without special Leave of our Directors,  
At the Stage Door should enter as Inspectors;  
Altho' their Hearts were arm'd with triple Brass,  
Thro' our resisting Scenes, they could not pass.  
Lions and Dragons too keep watch and ward,  
Watchers and Ghosts the awful entrance guard;  
Heroes who mock the pointed Sword are here,  
And desperate Heroines who know no Fear;  
If as Rinaldo stout each Man should prove,  
To brave the Terrors of the enchanted Grove,

Here

# PROLOGUE.

*Here on this Spot, the Center of our State,  
 Here on this very Spot they'd meet their Fate.  
 The Prompter gives the Sign, and down they go;  
 Alive descending to the Shades below.  
 To you whose Empire still may Heav'n maintain,  
 Who here by antient Right and Custom reign,  
 Our Lions couch, our Dragons prostrate fall,  
 Witches and Ghosts obey your potent Call.  
 Our Heroines smile on you with all their Might,  
 Our boldest Heroes tremble in your Sight,  
 Even now with anxious Hearts they watch your Eyes,  
 Should you but frown, even brave ALONZO flies.*

**DRAMATIS PERSONÆ**

**M E N.**

<b>KING,</b>	<b>Mr. AICKIN.</b>
<b>ALONZO,</b>	<b>Mr. REDDISH.</b>
<b>ALBERTO</b> ( <i>his son</i> )	<b>Mr. CLINCH.</b>
<b>COSTOLLO,</b>	<b>Mr. J. AICKIN.</b>
<b>SEBASTIAN,</b>	<b>Mr. PALMER.</b>
<b>HAMET,</b>	<b>Mr. WRIGHT.</b>
<b>VELASCO,</b>	<b>Mr. JEFFERSON.</b>
<b>MESSENGER,</b>	<b>Mr. J. BANNISTER.</b>

**W O M E N.**

<b>ORMISINDA,</b>	<b>Mrs. BARRY.</b>
<b>TERESA,</b>	<b>Miss MANSELL.</b>

**Officers and Attendants, &c.**





# EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. BARRY.

**T**H<sup>O</sup> lately dead, a Princess, and of Spain,  
 I am no Ghost, but Flesh and Blood again!  
 No time to change this Dress, it is expedient,  
 I pass for British, and your most obedient.  
 How happy, Ladies, for us all—That we,  
 Born in this Isle, by Magna Charta free,  
 Are not like Spanish Wives, kept under Lock and Key. }  
 The Spaniard now, is not like him of Yore,  
 Who in his whisker'd face, his Furies bore!  
 Nor Joy, nor Vengeance made him smile or grin,  
 Fix'd were his Features, tho' the Devil within!  
 He, when once jealous, to wash out the Stain,  
 Stalk'd home, stabb'd Madam, and stalk'd out again.  
 Thanks to the times, this Dagger-drawing passion,  
 Thro' polish'd Europe, is quite out of Fashion.  
 Signor Th' Italian, quick of sight and hearing,  
 Once ever list'ning, and for ever leering,  
 To Cara Sposa, now politely kind,  
 He, best of Husbands, is both deaf and blind.  
 Mynheer the Dutchman, with his sober pace,  
 Whene'er he finds his Rib has wanted Grace,  
 He feels no Branches sprouting from his Brain,  
 But Calculation makes of Loss and Gain,  
 And when to part with her, occasion's ripe,  
 Mynheer turns out mine Frow, and smokes his pipe.  
 When a brisk Frenchman's Wife is giv'n to prancing,  
 It never spoils his Singing or his Dancing:  
 Madame, you false—de tout mon Cœur—Adieu;  
 Begar you Cocu me, I Cocu you.—

He,

# EPILOGUE.

*He, toujours gai, dispell each jealous Vapour,  
 Takes Snuff, sings Vive l'amour, and cuts a Caper.  
 As for John Bull—not he in upper Life,  
 But the plain Englishman, who loves his Wife;  
 When honest John, I say, has got his doubts,  
 He sullen grows, scratches his head, and pouts.  
 What is the matter with you, Love? Cries She;  
 Are you not well, my Dearest? Humph! Cries He.  
 You're such a Brute!—But, Mr. Bull, I've done:  
 And if I am a Brute—Who made me one?  
 You know my tenderness—my heart's too full,  
 And so's my head—I thank you, Mrs. Bull.  
 O you base Man!—Zounds, Madam, there's no  
 She falls a weeping, and he falls a swearing; [bearing]  
 With Tears and Oaths, the Storm domestic ends.  
 The Thunder dies away, the rain descends,  
 She sobb, he melts, and then they kiss and Friends.  
 Whatever ease these modern Modes may bring,  
 A little Jealousy is no bad thing:  
 To me, who speak from Nature unrefin'd,  
 Jealousy is the Bellows of the Mind.  
 Touch it bus gently, and it warms desire,  
 If handled roughly, you are all on Fire!  
 If it stands still, Affection must expire.  
 This Truth, no true Philosopher can doubt,  
 Whate'er you do—let not the Flame go out.*

